Sultan 'Awadh dealt with on the same footing as those of the Hadhramaut. 643 171

Although the Indian connection is not a popular one with the indigenous inhabitants of the Hadhramaut, the dominant Yafa'i section of the population finds no objection to it, and it has in fact been the means of the introduction of a more advanced system of Government than any to be found elsewhere in the Protectorate, with the possible exception of Lahej where the enlightened rule of the 'Abdali dynasty again owes much to external influence, namely, to its close proximity to Aden. It has already been sufficiently indicated that Sultan 'Umar and his brother have been largely responsible for many of these improvements. After travelling in the western part of the Protectorate the contrast between the conditions in the Lower Yemen and those in the Hadhramaut are indeed remarkable. I do not think that anywhere else in the Protectorate the power of one authority is to be found extended over such a large area of country. There is a more than embryonic 642 show of good order and organized Government in Qu'aiti territory 185 on the coast, in the Mukalla and Shihr provinces, and up through the Du'an province to the Shibam province. This much I have seen with my own eyes and have observed the close contact between Provincial and Central Governments. From all accounts the condition is the same in the Hajr province. By his system of political arrangements with the tribes in and around Qu'aiti territory the Sultan has done much to make travel secure and easy. He has an army and police force in which discipline and administration are not lacking.

Apart from this comparatively satisfactory policing of the country, there is a growing tendency to promote educational and other social services in the Qu'aiti dominions, especially in Mukalla and Shihr, and there is in those parts a very colourable imitation of the machinery of western Government.

Although the rule over the Hadhramaut has thus been influenced 642 to a large extent by Indian ideas, and although excessive Indianisation is unpopular with the pure Hadhramaut elements, nevertheless 177 the administration escapes a great deal of unpopularity by its 186 employment of local Arabs and slaves throughout the interior of 643 the country. Even in the Kathiri camp I found that Sultan 'Umar was personally popular, and during his tour through the country he was very well received.

The interior of the Qu'aiti territory is now fast catching up with the coast in its connection with the outside world. Recent [607] years have seen far more visitors enter the interior then ever before and they are universally well received. In addition there are connections in the Shibam province with the East Indies, and in the Du'an province with Egypt, Sudan, and Abyssinia. Everywhere there are connections with East Africa, and these are extensive among the Tamimis where I found some indication of a desire for settled administration.

given three different accounts of their truces with other tribes. My first informant told me that those in force were with the 'Awāmir for two years, of which three months had passed (this was on 3rd November 1934), with the Murra for six years, five months passed; the Rawashid four years, one year passed; Manāhil two years, five months passed; and Hamumi two years, seven months passed. The Mahra had declined to make a truce with them.

My second informant told me on 15th November 1934, that between the Hamumi and the Sei'ar six months' truce remained, between the Manāhil and the Sei'ar one year, and between the Mahra and the Sei'ar six months. The 'Awābitha living in Wadi 'Adam and Wadi al 'Ain were not on terms with the Sei'ar.

The third and probably better account is that given me by Tanaf bin Seheil bin Rumeidan's son and son-in-law on 1st December 1934. With the 'Awāmir, they said, there was a year's truce of which four months were left, with the Kathīri a year, and one month left, with the Hamumi a year, and two months left, with the Murra, Rawashid, Manāhil, and Yām there were truces for a year of which eleven months were left.

It is stated that the Sei'ars would join the Kathīri if there was trouble with the Qu'aiti, though the latter has a " B " agreement with them.

The wealth of the tribe consists of camels and sheep. Their camels are said to be superior in quality to those of the tribes in the south but inferior to those of the Mahras, and their number is estimated to be be about 7,000 or 8,000. Bertram Thomas says: " The tribes strongest in camels are the Murra, Manasir and Manahil, also to some extent, the Se'ar. The Rashid have, of late years, decayed from the depredations of the Se'ar." They have little cultivation though they grow jowari after rain. They go to Shibam to sell *saf* leaves for making mats, *'elb* trunks, and charcoal.

Bertram Thomas records the following description of them: " The Se'ar, according to the Rashidis—perhaps a tainted source in view of their relationship—neither pray nor fast. And they mock a Rashidi visitor (in times of peace) who does so, though they swear by Allah and claim to believe in Him. ' They say, God is the Knower! that their ancestors saved the Prophet from the hands of the infidels who were intent on slaying him, and the Prophet granted to him and his heirs exemption from prayer observances. They say so! May God forgive them! ' " We learned from the Sei'ars that they will give their girls to prospective husbands on approval. If, after about two months' trial, a bridegroom is satisfied, he will marry the girl; otherwise she is returned to her parents.

The Seiyids 'Ali bin Zein, Hasan bin Salim al 'Attas, and Ahmed bin Hussein Hadun al 'Attas have influence over the Sei'ars.

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Organization of the Residency and Methods Used

After persuading the tribes to make the general truce for three years, I turned my attention to Government organization. I had hoped at first that it would not be necessary to have more than three European assistants, two political and one military, but the burden of work became so heavy that by the beginning of the war I think there were eight European officers working in the Hadhramaut. Owing to the general anti-foreigner feeling I thought it better that these officers should belong to the Residency staff as assistants to the adviser and that they should not have executive authority, and I told them to regard themselves rather as men with oil cans, who saw that the machinery was working, than as part of the machinery itself. Furthermore I felt sure that the actual responsibility must remain in the hands of the local Government. I believed, and I am sure that events have proved me right, that if you give people responsibility and make them exercise it they are eventually able to do so fairly effectively. You begin by collecting a group of what are in effect pictures labelled as heads of departments and in due course they come, like Galatea, to life. This rather extensive employment of Europeans did not turn out very successfully and, in 1942, it was approved that I might reduce my European assistants to two and engage trained orientals to instruct the local Government staff in the conduct of bedouin affairs, district administration, finance, medical, educational, agricultural, military and police work. Not all these posts have yet been filled owing to the difficulty of finding qualified candidates but there are now Transjordanis holding the posts of Bedouin Affairs Assistant and Police Assistant, a Hadhrami seiyid who is a Major in the Hyderabad military forces and a Punjabi Mussulman as Military Assistants, and a Sudani as Educational Assistant.

The functions of the Residency are advice, instruction and inspection. As regards instruction the Residency runs a military school which is attended by officers and non-commissioned officers of all the forces, and promotion in the forces cannot be had without a certificate from it. It runs courses for teachers, courses for administrative candidates for employment as district officers, and police courses. Other courses are obtained by sending candidates to Aden, for example for training as dispensers, and by sending boys for education to the Sudan.

Most Government departments were in their beginning practically directed by Residency staff. When they are able to stand sufficiently on their own feet, the Residency withdraws and leaves them entirely to their own heads and the State Secretary.

Some things, however, are paid for by His Majesty's Government and are under Residency control. The most important of these is the Hadhrami Bedouin Legion. It is modelled as far as possible on Brigadier Glubb's Desert Patrol, which he kindly enabled me to see in 1938, and he generously provided Arab officers for it. The bedouins were quite unaccustomed to any sort of military service and the force experienced ups and downs for

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the first two or three years. It has its headquarters at Mukalla and posts in most of the more important bedouin areas. Service in it is now very popular and almost all tribes are represented. Its members are trained not only as soldiers but also as settlers of disputes by pacific means. The force runs, with Mukalla Government assistance, a small military hospital which is the first hospital to have been established in the Hadhramaut and serves all the forces. To promote bedouin education and bedouin agriculture and to control locusts, it has enlisted teachers and agricultural soldiers, and they are almost all young seiyids of good family who hitherto had thought it quite unheard of to do any work. They were enlisted as ordinary soldiers and went through some military training without arms but had to do all the ordinary fatigues such as digging and road making. The teachers were given a teachers' training course and they now operate an admirable boarding school for a hundred bedouin boys: district schools have also been started at some of the outposts. The teachers have dispensary courses at Aden so that in an elementary way medical assistance and education are now available in bedouin districts. At some of these places the teachers also run grain shops for famine relief, where Government grain is sold at cost price to bedouins.

A good start had also been made with a bedouin girls' boarding school. A few bedouin women are already proving successful as nursing assistants and I hope that some of these girls will afterwards become nurses and teachers.

So much for the Residency organization. The object has been to help the State to become effective in its government and to make the best use it can of its resources. I have always tried to look at things from the point of view of the State only, in the way that the treaty, as explained in the Note, required. But in view of the exclusive nature of the people I have in addition always worked as if I were one of them. I have, at their request, worn their clothes: as it is illegal to possess alcohol in the Hadhramaut, my house has always been "dry" and we have, outside the privacy of our own quarters, always lived as the country lives. I am sure that it is because of working and living as a part of the people that we have been able to do as much as we have. What I have done on my own initiative has not been questioned because it has not been felt that it was done by a foreigner or for a foreign Government.

As a Christian I had at first difficulty in finding acceptance by a community which feels it almost impossible to understand even the existence of Christian Arabs. In various parts of the country the objection was always brought up that the signing of treaties providing for advisers would mean the introduction of missionaries and the building of churches. I have always told them that missionaries would not be forced on them, and I have further said that these States were recognized as Muslim Arab States and that, as a member of an Arab Muslim Government, I felt it my duty to support the State religion. Personally, although I cannot claim any particular orthodoxy in religion, I find inspiration for my work in the

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faith in which I was brought up, but when, in such a position as I have held, I have to deal with people of another faith, I feel it is essential to help and encourage them to live up to the best in their own faith, for a live religious spirit is a vital necessity to all progress. The Hadhramaut is sadly afflicted, as I have said, by over-emphasis on formalism, but I have found great support in pressing more and more the necessity of working and living in the spirit of religion. This type of teaching is employed in educating troops and boys and girls in the new schools, particularly in the children's village and in the bedouin boys' and girls' schools. My educational assistant has a candidate for training as a teacher of the spirit of religion, leaving the other teachers to teach, for example, the methods of prayer and fasting. In the course of time it has been generally accepted that the position of religion in the affairs of the country is being strengthened and not weakened.

TENTATIVE CONCLUSIONS FROM EXPERIENCE IN THE HADHRAMAUT

As I spent the first fifteen years of my service in Zanzibar and Mauritius and have had opportunities of studying the administration of East Africa, Malaya and the West Indies, whether on the spot or in the Colonial Office, it is natural for me to approach consideration of the best way to help backward areas in the Middle East, like the Hadhramaut, to more effective self government, by comparison with the better known colonial methods of approach to the same goal.

It seems to me that if success is ultimately achieved in teaching the people of such areas to govern themselves it will probably not be by the traditional methods of colonial administration. The practical difficulties of doing so seem to be due to the nature of the country, to the nature of the people and to political considerations. The country is mainly desert and our colonial tradition has been built up in lands capable of economic development. Owing to their environment the people, taking them as a whole, are neither simple nor tractable and, by contrast with most peoples of tropical dependencies, they are suspicious of outside interference. As the close control of any part of Arabia is looked on with dislike by other parts of Arabia and as there is, as far as I can see, no over-riding necessity for us to control such an area as the Hadhramaut closely, it does not on political grounds seem worth while to do so. The less we interfere with the internal

tendency to fire high. Tactics are simple, usually an advance in strength or the investment or defence of small forts or houses. Any more complicated manœuvre involving strict timing or detailed concerted action would be beyond their capacity at present. They are difficult to control in action, and in the heat of the moment tend to forget their training and to expose themselves by not making use of ground and cover, but as their potential opponents suffer from the same faults this is not so serious as it would be against more experienced troops. The Bedouin does not favour night-fighting, but he is expert at moving and taking up position in the dark. He is willing to follow his officers, and has particular faith in those from the Arab Legion, who in simple fashion he believes must be more competent, as they have been brought in from another country. The same would apply to British officers, provided they understood his language and customs and accurately gauged his capabilities. Unless equipped with this knowledge, however, a British officer would find the Bedouin soldier awkward to handle and disappointing in action.

By showing promise and industry the soldier will gain promotion or can become a specialist such as wireless operator or armourer. At present the highest rank reached by any is lieutenant; owing to lack of experience, knowledge, and background, they are not yet suitable for higher rank, but in time this will be overcome. Part of the remedy may result from the foundation a few years ago of a Bedouin boys' school in Mukalla. This worth-while enterprise, sponsored and paid for by His Majesty's Government, is of considerable interest, and it is anticipated that ex-pupils will not only help to fill the ranks of H.B.L. with good material, but that others, encouraged to further education, will become much-needed Government servants, teachers and leaders in other walks of life.

There is a cadre of men who have voluntarily remained in the H.B.L. for longer periods, but after four years or so the average soldier, unless he has attained rank, will retire. He may ask that his place be taken by his brother or cousin, as he has liked the life, and his length of voluntary service speaks for itself. On his return to his tribe he will be an asset to Government, and his understanding and experience will be of help to political officers or other Government servants who may have dealings with his tribe or work to perform in his area. There is no reserve. The Bedouin in the Protectorate dislikes being tied down to a period of time, and a reserve as understood in a European army would be impossible to administer or co-ordinate. But in an emergency many ex-soldiers would return for temporary service if strongly requested.

Whatever the future may hold, there is no doubt that the Hadhrami Bedouin Legion performs useful tasks at low costs. It is in no sense planned as a national army, but in its military and political rôles has fully justified itself. One hopes that its ties with the Arab Legion will not be broken and that in the years to come it will attain the prestige and success in its own area which the Arab Legion enjoys in the Arab world as a whole.

I am indebted to Major I. E. Snell, Royal Sussex Regiment, at present seconded as Military Adviser to the British Agent, Mukalla, for certain facts and technical details used in this article.

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thought that we had some slight chance of succeeding, and they gave us loyal cooperation.

Thus we landed at Makalla on Sunday, May 3, accompanied only by my Yemenite servant. The Sultan was away as usual, and his vizier read the letters of introduction from our minister of foreign affairs and from the Governor of Aden. We were very well accommodated in one of the Sultan's former palaces, and then began the task of waiting for the great decision as to whether we might enter the country. The same evening we had the good fortune to meet a member of the family al-'Attās, which is very friendly with the government of the Dutch Indies. He had received a telegram from his father instructing him to give all possible help to the Dutch representative of the government in his anticipated journey in Hadramaut. The Sayyid family of al-'Attās, together with the closely allied family of al-Kāf, belongs to the leading group in Hadramaut proper. Two great parties, which are hostile to one another, are contesting for the power in this country, namely, the āl-Qa'ētī, who have their headquarters at Makalla, and the āl-Kathīr, with headquarters at Sēwun. The āl-Qa'ētī sultans take their cue from the English, and, thanks to English help, have authority in the coast region. The āl-Kathīr are more independent, and reside in Hadramaut proper, that is, in the broad valley in the interior which has that name. The Sayyids boast of being directly descended from the son-in-law of the Prophet, and in Hadramaut society hold a distinct and very privileged position. They have great influence with the government, but leave the actual business for the most part to the non-sayyids. The immediate and whole-hearted support of the al-'Attās certainly did our enterprise a great deal of good, for on the following day we received the promise that we might go inland. However, the great difficulties of the journey, especially at this time of the year (one of the hottest months), were expressly pointed out to us; and we were urgently dissuaded from crossing the

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133 During the daytime the heat was stifling, and at night it was so cold that for hours before the sun rose I was no longer able to sleep. The interminable, barren plain was covered all over with sharp, loose fragments of stone, and among these wound the narrow path along which from morning to night we steadily wended our way.
342 Drinking water is here to be found in *negābas,* which are cisterns hewn out of the rock some three meters below the surface, with a narrow opening. Low ridges lead the scanty rainfall to the *negāba.* Owing to the narrow opening there is very little evaporation, and if one has no rope at hand with a vessel to draw water, this opening is just large enough to admit a man to dip it out.
485 Near the *negāba* there is usually a little square building made by piling up rough stones in clay, this is called *murabba,* and here the midday hours with their scorching heat may be spent. For the sake of safety, our
486 609 Bedouins avoided the *negābas* as places for passing the night. In the evening the neighborhood of the bivouac was carefully reconnoitred, and usually sentries were posted at night. The authorities at Makalla had given us for our personal protection two negro soldiers belonging
133 to the famous slave army of the āl-Qa'ētī sultan. On May 15 we reached the wonderfully beautiful valley Wādī Dō'an. The descent of hundreds of meters of this almost perpendicular wall of rock with loaded camels was a difficult feat causing some anxiety; but the Bedouins and their camels reached the valley below without a single mishap. As we looked upon this *wādī,*
245 hemmed in by its high walls of rock, it looked like a land of magic with its deep-green groves of date palms
[361] and its clay villages with great castles and high houses. A glowing heat as dry as dust prevailed in Wādī Dō'an night and day. The bright yellow and deep red bunches of dates were hanging ripening in the hot wind. In the shade of the magnificent and remarkably well kept trees the population were quietly waiting for the harvest time.
144 A great deal of mixture with negro blood (of slaves) has

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taken place here, and there are still many slaves for agricultural work.

The old blind governor, Bā Surra, received us in his castle with oriental hospitality. The only thing we had to complain of in our lodgings was that there were too many interested in us! Our animals for mountain transport had to be exchanged here for others which were accustomed to traveling in the hot sand of the level *wādis*.

On the 17th of May we resumed our journey, after having been entertained first in the summer residence of the vizier of Makalla, where his son acted as host. As the evening shadows fell we reached Sēf, a miserable and squalid village where nearly a century ago von Wrede was recognized as a Christian, and barely escaped a miserable death. We also had unpleasant experiences at Sēf. Long before Sēf the *wādī* had lost its splendid datepalm cultivation, and had become a broad valley of sand and stones, with here and there some lotus trees (*nibq*). After the excellent reception we had had at Dō'an, Sēf was a grievous disappointment. The governor was supposed to be away, but it appeared later that because of his embarrassment and poverty he had sought an excuse to be relieved of the duty of conferring hospitality upon us. In a very primitive manner we were installed upon the roof of a stable by the governor's soldiers, who took his place as our hosts. We were not left alone for a moment, for interested visitors were continually jostling one another on our roof. We had to secure fresh donkeys at Sēf, and the troublesome negotiations about this began that evening.

The next day the governor appeared, but he seemed to have absolutely no influence. We had to wait for hours before the necessary donkeys and camels were brought. A large escort of soldiers eager for *baksheesh* wished to accompany us, but I vigorously opposed this, and succeeded in reducing their number to two. Much too late, weary of all the negotiations and disgusted with the obvious opposition and antipathy of everybody here

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against the two non-Moslem travelers, we started in the direction of Hajarēn. It was a silent struggle against thirst and heat. At last we were standing at the foot of the mountain on which Hajarēn lies. It must be a very old town. For a land of warfare its position is also very favorable. In the midst of the broad valley, on the top of a steep rocky hill, which stands there alone and commands the entire valley, they naturally preferred to build a town in former times. We were at the end of our strength as we worked our way up, in through the gate of Hajarēn, and by many narrow, steep streets to a plain house where a friend of the Dutch was said to be living. He might well have been startled when he saw the caravan of his unexpected visitors. It was a long time before the doors were opened. Luck was not with us. A double wedding feast was just being celebrated, and the women had to vacate the room in which we were to be received. Our host was not rich, but he put himself and all that he had at our disposal. When he saw how weary we were and how we longed for rest, a room was made ready for us higher up, where we could sleep until the meal was ready. We were under the roof of a Dutch subject. I remember with deep gratitude the oriental hospitality which cannot be praised enough, and of which we saw here a brilliant example. Thoroughly refreshed we started in the afternoon for Meshed. We had to close our ranks in doing this, for here was the neutral zone between the regions of the āl-Qa'ētī and the āl-Kathīr. Everything here indicated warfare and highway robbery. Meshed is a little place built in the midst of the desert, solely for the purpose of preventing highway robbery. The trade route from the Wādī Hadramaut through the Wādī Dō'an to the coast is safe since Meshed was established. Here we came into the jurisdiction of the family al-'Attās, and our troubles and anxieties came to an end. We were taken into a beautiful, spotlessly clean guest house, and were welcomed as honored guests by the cultured son of the absent governor.

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On the 19th of May we reached Horēda, the tribal village of the family al-'Atās, where we had a fine reception. Horēda can thank the wealth accumulated in Java and at Singapore for its beautiful houses and mosques. There is a large number of Dutch subjects there, and so many of them speak Maay that one even frequently hears it spoken on the streets.

On the 20th and 21st of May we remained at Horēda. The mosques and schools were carefully examined, and some short excursions weremade in that neighborhood.

Horēda lies in the Wādi 'Amd, which branches off from the main *Wādī* of Hadramaut, to which we now returned, leaving Horēda on the 22nd of May. Bin Marta' from Soerabaya, a large dealer in building materials, took us in his auto, which was the first that ever came to Horēda, to the place where he lives, Hēnan. It was a difficult task among the endless sand-hills to find a track on which it was possible for the auto to travel, and when a sandstorm came up we had to flee to the Diyār-āl-Buqri, certain high castles in the midst of the broad sandy *wādī*, which were the center of a warfare which had been going on there for years. The fighting captains and their soldiers received us very well; they appear to have close family relationships with Java. Elsewhere, in a description of the political situation, I will deal minutely with the Diyār-āl-Buqri and their inhabitants. Hēnan is a little place which is lost in the sand. By installing a motor pump, our friend Bin Marta' is trying to arouse his village to new life.

On the 23rd of May, Bin Marta' took us in his auto to al-Qatn, the residence of the sultan of Shibām. We were here once more in the āl-Qa'ētī jurisdiction. At al-Qatn the Wādī Hadramaut changes completely, and beautiful date-palm plantations begin here. In the shadow of these palms lie the luxurious green *dhura* fields (maize). The sultan did not appear to be at al-Qatn, and we were received by a member of the family. Through a severe sandstorm we drove on to Shibām, the

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New York of Hadramaut. The city consists of very high houses built close together. One drives into the city through a heavy double gate, and then up a square in front of the ancient but beautiful palace, which is at the same time a castle. The young and sympathetic sultan received us cordially, but was very much displeased about our guides of the al-'Attās, who had not taken care that His Highness was properly informed beforehand about our coming. The situation was relieved by some rich merchants of Singapore with an invitation for us to take an auto ride to their plantations, and by their asking the sultan's permission to invite us to stay at the house in their plantation. This the sultan permitted, on condition that we should first take a meal with him, and that on the way back we should make it possible for him to prepare a worthy reception for us. The gentlemen at at-Tuwayy and La'jam had a house like a fairy tale, where we afterwards stayed in the atmosphere of the Arabian nights. In front of this house, which was decorated in fantastic colors, there was a small swimming pool, and here in the soft moonlight we forgot all about the sandstorm.

We spent the morning of the 24th of May with our hosts and the sultan at the house in the plantation, and at midday we went further on to Sēwun in the sultan's automobiles. There they had been properly informed as to our coming. The sultan, surrounded by all his retinue, was awaiting us in a white guesthouse, situated in the plantation quarter. In this little town, which is the most beautiful in Hadramaut, we spent several interesting days. The sultan of Terīm also has his palace at Sēwun, and is generally at the last-named place, since at Terīm Sayyid Abu Bakr Al Kāf is the dominant person. In his palace we spent one forenoon.

On May the 26th we went in two of the sultan's automobiles to Terīm. At the express desire of His Highness we drove along the mountain road, which was constructed by Sayyid Abu Bakr Al Kāf, and the entire

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a hundred meters in thickness lies on a likewise horizontal layer of sandstone. Owing to this, the valley profiles throughout Hadramaut are monotonously uniform.

On the 7th of June we left Terīm. With some difficulty we had succeeded in securing the sympathy and cooperation of Sayyid Abu Bakr for our plan of trying to reach Aden overland. The baggage would be sent direct to ash-Shihr, and thence by sea to Aden. We could take with us only as much as we could carry with us on our riding camels. With a small escort and fast camels we should then perhaps be able to pass unnoticed through the region where there was war. This plan fell through. We were continually coming upon territory through which we could not pass. By way of Horēda we passed through the Wādī 'Amd to a place where, beyond 'Amd, the territory between two contending parties compelled us to make a circuitous movement through the country of the Deyyin Bedouins. Even though we traveled rapidly with a small party we were continually compelled to make new detours. In so doing we got still further away from our original goal, namely, Nisāb (or Ansāb), which is the furthest English outpost in the hinterland of Aden. At Yeb'ith, where the attitude of the population was antagonistic, and where our food supply seemed to be extremely limited, we gave up the Aden plan, and decided to make rapid marches direct to Makalla. At Sidāra we entered the Wādī Hajr, the only *wādī* in South Arabia where there is always running water. At Mēfa'a we reached the coast. Through the difficult mountain range along the coast we went as far as the fishing town of Borūm. Then we followed the coast to Makalla, where we arrived safe on the afternoon of June 21.

The return journey had been partly through territory never yet traveled. Von Wissmann was thus in a position to put on his map the exact connection between Hadramaut and the hinterland of Aden. By this conclusion of

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we first went up there they charged us two dollars for every skin of water we took and a dollar for four coconuts, which we were reduced to buying as we had no other food and were stuck for a couple of days waiting for cars from the Hadhramaut. On that first visit one very nearly shot me for trying to take his photograph, but now he is more than ready to pose. During the two nights we were waiting for cars the Ba Hasanis were a little nervous as they had murdered some one shortly before and were expecting an attack, so we had to build rough stone forts. When we had lent a hand we suggested that we should be paid for our labour as they had charged us for everything, but they did not like the idea and spent the night on sentry go droning monotonously to keep themselves awake. One good lady of the Ba Hasanis dresses as a man with dagger and all, and likes to be called Sheikh Salim. She is the only one of the women who does not veil. The habit of veiling varies a lot through the different tribes of the Hadhramaut and quite a number of them go uncovered.

When the peace was established it became possible to complete the Al Kaf road and it was opened by Sir Bernard Reilly in July last. It is now a toll road administered by a Board and half its revenue is being accumulated for capital works and improvements and half is being spent on maintenance. The maintenance expenditure is becoming very heavy as the daily buses do a lot of damage. The fees for the use of the road are designed not only to give revenue but also in conjunction with minimum fares to protect the Badawin camel traffic. Indeed goods are not allowed to be carried by road unless they are perishable, too heavy for camels, or urgent, in all of which cases the freight charged has to be higher than that which would be charged for camel transport.

It is about nine and a half to ten hours' solid driving from Shihr to Tarim, though of course one usually stops for a meal and that makes it about twelve hours. After leaving Ma'adi the road runs along the well-named Jol al Fiqra or Backboned Plateau, a ridge from which magnificent views to the sea 20 to 30 miles away and over deep wadis are obtained. After that the scenery tends to become monotonous, particularly when you have done the drive a dozen times or more, as it dodges endlessly round flat topped hills and wadi heads, and after the *'aqaba* of Ma'adi the remaining 130 miles or so are a series of levels from which you climb or descend by quite modest hills. Two hours on from Ma'adi you come to Reidat al Ma'ara, the country of the Ma'ara tribe, a collection of small scattered villages in country intersected by shallow wadis which offer some chance of cultivation. There are some wells, but the people depend very largely on *qarifs*, open water-holes built to collect the rain-water. The Ma'ara, who are friendly folk, are also distantly related to the Hamumis. They never give any trouble though there are one or two of them who are terrific litigants, and are always coming to see me in Mukalla or the Hadhramaut about cases which I have had investigated by several independent tribunals with invariably the same result. Most of these squabbles are land squabbles and that is a source of the greater part of the litigation in the Hadhramaut.

Reida is the place where one generally stops for lunch, as it is very nearly half way. The pleasantest place I think is under a tree near one of the *qarifs*,

1 [THE BA HASAN TANBULIS -- ANALYST.]

18:Ingrams G-3 (1934-36)1936 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

and here we stopped on our first journey up, dispossessing a large band of monkeys. This was the first time I had seen them so far east, though we have often seen them north of Aden. As a matter of fact, one rarely meets mammals apart from gazelles and foxes in the Hadhramaut, though lately I was offered a hyena pup in Tarim, and there are wolves, ibex, and oryx. Others prefer for lunch at Reida a house not far away, where if you give an order in advance you can obtain quite well-boiled rice and boiled meat. Our superior friends in the Hadhramaut have named the place Shepheards, principally I think because you are always overcharged there. The first time we passed through the village somebody asked my wife for medicine and was given Epsom Salts. Crowds then came out and stretched forth supplicating hands which were all filled and in this way a pound or two was distributed, but there has never been any ill-feeling about it and relations with the tribe have been uniformly friendly. They have a large tree which is known as the Sanctuary, and under it all the important tribal conferences are held. Here I sat with the elders on a subsequent visit and they signed the general Hadhramaut three-years' truce.

A little beyond Reida you pass into Kathiri territory belonging to the Al Jabir, and the road passes near Risib, where there is a landing-ground. The people of Risib have had a very bad reputation for caravan looting and holding up cars; indeed they fired on cars before ever we came into the country. They were punished for an offence of this nature and are now genuinely among our best friends. My wife and I have stayed with them at their invitation and they entertained us lavishly in their simple way. They told me that they had always believed themselves to be under the protection of the Sultan of Turkey; now their only request is to be helped to find water, and I very much hope that before long it will be possible to help them, as they depend entirely on rain-water and when their pools dry up they have to leave their homes and wander away with their stock elsewhere.

The last sign of permanent life on this road is a little beyond Risib at Heru, where there are a few Sheikhs who have some popular water-holes which last longer than most others on the road and are generally much surrounded with stock. It was a wonderful sight near Heru last year after the heavy rains to see the shallow wadi green from side to side, winding away in each direction apparently fully cultivated. The people never cease to talk of the blessing of peace through which they are able to cultivate far more than they were before, and those heavy rains are universally attributed to the mercy of God manifested as a reward for the peace.

From Heru to Tarim takes four hours and the road is absolutely desolate. Caravans follow a wadi route into the Wadi 'Adim where there is water, for there is not a drop to be had on the route that the cars have to follow, and of course it is usually on this part of the road that one has breakdowns.

I arrived at Tarim at 8.15 in the morning. The *'aqaba* leading down to Tarim is one of the most remarkable engineering constructions in the world. People who know say that no European engineer would attempt it. It consists principally of hairpin bends which you have to reverse to get round, and parts of it have gradients of about 1 in 3 or 4. If you fire a rifle at the top of the *'aqaba* it lets Tarim know you are coming and the whole place troops OUT TO MEET YOU.

18 Ingrams G-3 (1934-36) 1936 MMI Hadhramaut MMI

out to meet you. Many people prefer to walk down the *'aqaba*, and in any case the drivers stop at the top to tie up the brakes. I have only walked down once, and that was on the morning of the New Year. I sat for a short time at the top and it really was a most beautiful sight watching the day break over the minarets and white houses of Tarim.

"Tarim and thou desirest no more" is a local saying, and in truth I know of no happier places to live in than Tarim and Seiyun. I shall never forget our first impressions of Tarim nor I think does anybody else forget his, but the charm of these places grows with knowledge and they have a hospitable and cultured society. There is little literary learning in Mukalla or Shihr: Mukalla can be difficult to live in, but Shihr is always friendly and welcoming. Seiyun and Tarim are not only that, but can talk of affairs, of history, and of philosophy. The whole country is full of poets, and not only quotes the old poets but records constantly current history in *qasidas*, and that is how much of it survives. At a Shabwani dance the poets assemble and in turn compose extempore couplets, which are repeated by the choir leaders and taken up by a hundred throats.

Tarim and its rich suburb of 'Aidid, where there are several beautiful Riviera villas, are of course under Kathiri rule, but they and the small village of Al Ghuraf are in Tamimi country. One interesting fact about Tarim that I have learnt recently is that it contains a state within its walls. This enclosure, which contains a few houses inhabited by the Seiyids of Al Haddad, is ruled by their *masnad* under some ancient right. His subjects are completely under his jurisdiction, and even if they commit offences in the city of Tarim are not tried by the Sultan but handed over to him. The intelligentsia of Tarim call him the *Baba* (the Pope) and his state the *Fatikana*. Tarim and Seiyun both have old religious academies (*Rubats*) to which students come from considerable distances in the west of the Protectorate and from the Yemen. I remember when I first passed the Tarim Rubat a long time ago there was a rush to exclude the contaminating influence, and all the doors and window shutters were hastily banged. Life gets more pleasant when crowds of children and adult hangers on cease to follow you shouting *Nasrani* (Christian). When I returned to Mukalla from the interior in March 1937 one small boy did shout Nasrani, but was immediately corrected by a friend who said "*That's* not a Nasrani, that's Ingrams."

The Tamimis, who stretch several miles on the way to Seiyun, and down the Wadi Maseila to below Qasm, the Tamimi capital, are a Qu'aiti tribe, so that Tarim and Al Ghuraf form islands in their territory. There are no Badu sections to the Tamimis, and they all live in the wadi and emigrate largely to East Africa and the East Indies. They are however an astonishingly disunited tribe whose sections were constantly warring against each other, mostly over land questions. In this way they are a great contrast to their neighbours, the Manahil, who belong to the same Confederation, the Beni Dhanna. The Manahil are all Badus but are completely united in following their young chief 'Aidha bin Tannaf, a very fine lad of about twenty-five. I thought at first that the Manahil were not going to join in the truce, but after holding back for a little while they came and signed, and have never caused the slightest trouble, though 'Aidha had considerable difficulty in restraining

Hadhramaut G-3 (2894-98)1938 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

hospitality in the new house during the past year, and last hot weather nothing was more delightful than to sit in the swimming pool in the evening and listen to the strains of the B.B.C. Empire Orchestra. Since then the Arabic broadcasts have started and they are extremely popular throughout the Hadhramaut, which now sets its watches by Big Ben. Bathing over, dinner would be laid on carpets by the side of the bathing pool. One rarely sits down less than twenty at meals in Seiyid Bubekr's house and very often it is forty. The average daily consumption runs into about 30 to 40 lb. of rice, three or four dozen eggs, half a dozen chickens, and one or two sheep, and several pounds of vegetables. We went up for the wedding of his daughter, and then over five thousand people were fed for three days.

Seiyun has been our principal headquarters in the wadi, and from it I have continually visited all the neighbouring places, staying at Shibam, Al Qatn, Henin, Qa'udha, and Hureidha. You never get to Hureidha without stopping for a meal at Diyar al Buqri, where the people are so hospitable that they have been known to fire on those who have attempted to pass in cars without stopping to have a meal. The Buqri are Nahd, and although they are settled they are still rather Badu. On my first visit they offered us a large house if we would but stay and rule the country, and it was then I learned that they had imported a first-class cook from Java in the hope of being able to entertain Europeans. Great as is the hospitality and kindness of all the Nahd, the meals at Diyar al Buqri are as fine and as varied as anything you could get anywhere. Their ideas even of afternoon tea are on the most lavish scale. I have had it with them three times and on each occasion they have produced cakes, honey, and halwa, several varieties of tinned fruit, British biscuits, and super-cream toffees.

Beyond Diyar al Buqri, as you enter the Wadi 'Amd, stands a little fort with a sentry for ever gazing out. It was some time before I discovered that the sentry was a dummy, a lump of clay artistically draped with a black cloth, but in recent months I notice he has fallen into disrepair. The Nahd extend down into the Wadi 'Amd almost as far as Hureidha, of which the population consists entirely of Seiyids of the Al 'Attas family and their dependants. Here, too, I have several times stayed, and there is now a landing-ground. There is no need for me to say much about Hureidha as it is here that Miss Stark, Miss Caton-Thompson and Miss Gardner have been wintering. One interesting fact about Hureidha may however be too trivial for their notice, and that is that one of the mosques has two large town clocks, one with a face 6 feet in diameter and the other 3 feet. Only the latter works, and they are of course at the top of the high minaret. But they are inside the minaret, and you have to walk up sixty or seventy steps to see the time.

Up the wadi from Hureidha is the Ja'da tribe. I have not travelled farther up the wadi than Hureidha on foot, but before I went there for peace negotiations my wife did the journey on camel. The wadi is thickly populated and has numerous small villages which at that time were nearly all at war with each other. My wife took down particulars of thirty-two major feuds going on between sections and even between houses a few yards apart. There were trench systems, similar to those at Qa'udha, leading from the houses to the fields, but owing to the disturbed conditions cultivation had suffered badly

AND THERE WAS A GENERAL DESIRE FOR PEACE IN ORDER TO GET ON WITH THE WORK IN THE FIELDS.

18:Ingrams G-3 (1934-36)1938 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

IT IS A CURIOSITY OF DU'AN THAT ALL WOMEN DRESS
alike in long black dresses with coloured patches inserted in front and orange scarves over their heads. They are, too, the only women who affect nose rings similar to those usually worn on the fingers. Very few of them have ever left their valley, but many of them bemoaned the absence of husbands who frequently left them for years at a time.

The Seiyids lent her a magnificent white donkey to go on to Sif where we had stayed before, and the following day she was met by a friend and a car just before reaching Meshhed. Thence she rejoined me in Seiyun.

From Du'an Mr. Figgis and I flew across to 'Azzan over the upper reaches of the Wadi Hajr, which like the Wadi Maseila has perennial water nearly all its length. I had been to 'Azzan before, but this visit was very short, as the machine crashed on the landing-ground. It was a very artistic crash, and in Air Force parlance a complete write-off. Luckily none of the three of us in the machine were in the least hurt and the crash was far more alarming for Mr. Figgis and his pilot still up above, as it was some time before we found a comfortable way of climbing out of the ruins. I hope that in every crash I have I shall have as skilful a pilot as on that occasion. The crash was due to misguided zeal of the locals, for it was their own home-made landing-ground and they had raked up all the stones off the ground into a ridge along its edge, and it was this we hit as we landed. As ours was the machine with the wireless in it we swapped over into the other, which had landed safely, and flew back to Mukalla to organize assistance.

'Azzan is the capital of the Balhaf Sultan and is most picturesquely situated on a citadel rock by the side of the wadi. I was given a great reception on my first visit there with the firing of rifles and war whooping, which is much more a feature of welcomes in the Western Aden Protectorate than in the Eastern. As we walked from the landing-ground to the village the Artillery, a fine old bronze gun marked "A. Wilson. Cossipore. 1841," was brought into play. Our path led below it and it was really rather alarming, because with each discharge a shower of burning shirts and other old clothes, which had been used as wadding, was fired over us.

'Azzan is the only place where I have seen spears surviving, though my wife saw them in the Wadi 'Amd. One or two aged warriors came out with spears which they shook in martial fashion, threw into the air and caught again. Quite a number of old weapons survive in the Hadhramaut, for my wife also saw crossbows in the Wadi 'Amd and there are more of the old matchlocks in the country, some of them still in use, than in any other part of the Protectorate. The Hadhramaut seems to have turned over to modern weapons much more recently than the Western Protectorate, for most of the rifles, modern weapons, have wooden butts covered with goatskin fastened over them to take the recoil, a precaution far more necessary with matchlocks. It is worth recording perhaps that there is a heavy slump in the price of firearms. The ordinary Badawin rifle can be bought for as little as eight dollars with some ammunition thrown in, and the most modern rifles of continental manufacture, which eighteen months ago fetched an easy six hundred or more dollars when brought in from the Yemen, are now not bought at all and offers have been made of them for as little as fifty dollars.

The atmosphere of the Balhaf court is completely tribal; much more like

21: Thomas T-5 (no date) 1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

a sort of christening ceremony which we perform on ships with the cooler and more fragrant blood of the grape. The custom in Oman when a new house is finished is for the prospective occupant to slay a sheep on going in. He dabbles his hand in the pool of blood and smears the door-posts. This custom is also observed in the plain of the Dhufar during actual building operations. The meat is eaten by the builders themselves and the blood is smeared indiscriminately over the walls. On the completion of the house, the incomer dashes two hens' eggs on the threshold, two on the stairway and two on the upstairs doorway. This is anathema to the mountain dwellers, who in any case have no houses, but chiefly because the hen and all other bird flesh and birds' eggs are with them taboo. It would be the greatest insult to place such things as food before the non-Arabic speaking tribesman of the mountains.

LAW AND DISPUTES.

As in most tribal societies in Arabia, *hukm al hauz*, or a code of ancient sanctions, is the law. The *hauz* is a wise man of the tribe. Not infrequently his is an hereditary office, occasionally the *hauz* is the shaikh of his tribe. Shara law, *i.e.* holy law in Oman and elsewhere, is the law of the coastal townships. Outside them it will be resorted to in cases of matrimony, and sometimes of divorce and inheritance; in disputes or crime cases scarcely at all. That is the province of the *hauz*. The same is true of these South Arabians. The Shara or holy law is distasteful to these people and can only be imposed even along the coast by government force. Their own code varies considerably from the code of Oman or that of Hadhramaut, showing evidences of exclusive origin. They have a passionate attachment to the eye-for-an-eye idea, the need of making the punishment fit the crime. An example, told me by the Wali of Dhufar as having taken place last year is as follows: "X" was going on a journey into the "Y's" country and took a *rabia* from "Y." On arriving there the sacred law of protection was transgressed and "X" found himself wounded with a bullet through the fleshy part of his thigh. A *hauz* heard the case and decided that "Y," the innocent party but member of the offending tribe, must submit to the infliction of a similar wound as that which "X" had sustained. For this purpose a piece of stick was brought and sharpened skewer fashion. This was thrust into "Y's" leg and a bullet was threaded and drawn in its path. By local canons "X's" grievance was removed.

In Oman the abuse of the *rabia* would be followed by war between the two tribes unless the offended party agreed to the ruling of the *hauz*, when he would receive from the offenders *Laum-al-wijh* (blame of the face), which is usually assessed at 400 dollars. Murder, which in Arab tribal societies is almost invariably settled by blood-money which varies between 400 and 1,000 dollars (or rather its equivalent in kind), in these Qara mountains is assessed prodigiously high, in theory something like 5,000 dollars, which may take a lifetime to pay off, but is most usually complicated by a vendetta. The murdered man may be poor, so that his close relatives will in any case be impoverished, but collections are made from each and every member of the tribe, who as a point of honour or from inescapable custom, must bear the brunt.

22: Reilly G-3 (1933-41) 1941 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2
ADEN MM1

long been distracted by blood feuds and brigandage. An energetic Agricultural Officer appointed by the Colonial Office has initiated experiments that are producing very promising results on the Audhali plateau to the north-east of Aden, and in other districts where water is available for irrigation. Medical and educational progress is as yet only in its initial stage, but a beginning has been made in the establishment of local dispensaries, and the institution at Aden of a Protectorate College for the sons of chiefs has met with encouraging success.

It is a fundamental principle of our policy in the Aden Protectorate that the Arab character of the country must be preserved. In this respect the Protectorate differs from the colony of Aden, which it adjoins. The colony is a small territory comprising the town and port of Aden; and, although the majority of its inhabitants are Arabs, it has long been a cosmopolitan community, in which Europeans, Indians, Jews, and Somalis mingle with the Arabs in friendly co-operation and a common loyalty to the British Crown and administration. The Protectorate, on the other hand, is recognized to be wholly Arab country. There is no intention on the part of the British Government to annex any part of it or to introduce any direct British administration. Our ambition and our hope are to produce in Southern Arabia an example of friendly and willing British and Arab co-operation, in which we give the best we can in the shape of advice and technical help without disturbing the national characteristics of the people. All efforts at reform are fated to meet with opposition from some quarters, and especially from those that are interested in the maintenance of old abuses, and our experience in the Aden Protectorate is no exception in this respect. On the whole, however, we have received a cordial, and often an eager, response. British officers working in Aden and the Protectorate have been rewarded not only with understanding and support, but also with liking and friendship that have bound them by personal ties to these Arabs, who have so much in common with the British in their individualism, their adventurousness, their humour, and their love of freedom. Now, when the Empire is at war and is passing through critical days, it is a pleasure and an encouragement to see the spontaneous loyalty and affection that have been displayed by the people of Aden reflected also in the Protectorate that we so long neglected but are now at last trying sincerely to befriend. In the towns and in remote villages in the mountains the people have gathered in their mosques to pray for British victory. Their friendship did not falter in the dark days of last summer, and now that victories have

22: Reilly G-3 (1933-41) 1941 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

come they are united with us in a common rejoicing. That is the kind of recompense that gladdens the hearts of those who have worked for these people and have striven to make British protection a real benefit to them. It encourages our belief that our pioneer work in this country has been undertaken on the right lines, and that we may hope to add another success to those that have been achieved by our predecessors and contemporaries in other parts of the Empire. A great deal remains to be done in the Aden Protectorate, but with patience and perseverance and with the right principles to guide us we may be confident that it will be accomplished.

Colonel Tod: I do not know whether you would like to hear anything of the earlier history of the Protectorate, but the time I spent in the Aden Protectorate was before even Sir Bernard Reilly's time, forty years ago, when I was a member of the Anglo-Turkish Mandate Commission. At that time the Protectorate consisted of only nine tribes. Since then it has been considerably extended. Hadhramaut was a *terra incognita* in those days and was certainly not part of the Protectorate.

I think the Sultan of Lahej owes his preponderance chiefly to the fact that all roads from the interior lead through his capital, of which he has taken advantage at different times.

You mentioned the incursion of the Turks in 1915. That was by no means their first incursion into the Protectorate. When they reconquered the Yemen in about 1870 they gradually pushed their rule south until they penetrated many miles into the British Protectorate. When the British Commission went up there in 1901, intending to open friendly relations with the Turks about the demarcation of the frontier, they found the Turks had brought down a considerable force, had taken military possession of that part of the Protectorate, only just leaving the town of Dhala itself outside the militarily occupied area, and had seized the heads of the passes that led down to Aden; so the position of the Commission was a most difficult one. The Turks simply put their foot down and said, "J'y suis, j'y reste," and we had no power to turn them out. There was just an insignificant escort of Indian troops with the Commission. It took a very long time indeed to persuade the home Government that they must intervene with force, and it was only when a force stronger than the Turkish force was sent up there in 1902 that the Turks were compelled to withdraw. That means that Dhala was occupied by the Turks for about thirty years. It

23: British Gov't. G-5 (1877-1937) 1939 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

sary or expedient, any Act, Order, Rule, Regulation or other enactment from time to time in force in the Colony, to persons in the Protectorate not being natives of the Protectorate;

(*d*) to regulate or prohibit the entry into the Protectorate of persons not being natives of the Protectorate; and

(*e*) to secure the enforcement within the Protectorate of judgments, orders and decrees of the Courts of the Colony.

(3) For the avoidance of doubts it is hereby declared that all Rules and Orders made before the appointed day by the Governor-General of India in Council under the Indian (Foreign Jurisdiction) Order in Council, 1902, have, in so far as at any time before the date of this Order they applied to the Protectorate and have not in such application been expressly repealed or revoked, continued in force in the Protectorate notwithstanding that the Protectorate has ceased to be a territory in which jurisdiction is exercised by or on behalf of His Majesty through the Governor-General of India in Council or some authority subordinate to him, and subsection (1) of this section shall apply accordingly to such Rules and Orders.

Disallowance of rules and orders.

8. It shall be lawful for His Majesty to disallow any rule or order made by the Governor in exercise of the powers conferred upon him by this Order or any other Order of His Majesty in Council and to signify such disallowance through the Secretary of State. Every rule or order so disallowed shall cease to have effect from the time when the signification of such disallowance shall be published by the Governor by notice in the Gazette, but without prejudice to anything lawfully done or suffered thereunder.

Jurisdiction of Courts of the Colony.

9. The Supreme Court of the Colony and all Courts of the Colony inferior to the Supreme Court shall, subject to and in accordance with the provisions of any law in that behalf from time to time in force in the Colony, have jurisdiction in all matters arising in the Protectorate in which any person not being a native of the Protectorate is

24:Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

137 In little valleys, green, juicy euphorbias grow to a height of six feet. Their fresh green colour and red tuberiferous flowers at the ends of their branches give them, in these colourless surroundings, the air of bouquets.

4. FIRST CONTACT WITH A HADRAMĪ NOMAD TRIBE.

233 361 342 A broad plain lower down has a clay soil where grass grows fairly well. Goats, sheep, donkeys and camels graze here, at distances widely apart from each other. Bedouin girls watch over them from a hill-top. This is the *Rēda*[1] of Sheḥēr where are the pastures and headquarters of the wandering Bedouins of these parts. Their temporary camp is on a rocky plateau to the right above the road. We walk with our cameras in their direction, without much hope of success. They do not see us, and the malicious watch-dogs, which elsewhere in Arabia make it impossible to slip past the Bedouin camps, are conspicuous by their absence. The Bedouins of Ḥaḍramaut appear to have no tents; they live in caves, or houses, or huts, or, as in this case, almost without shelter. A space of about five feet square is made by four sticks of about three feet high with other sticks connecting them and over which are spread bunches of long, hard grass, which do not really, however, keep out much sun. There are about ten of these "dwellings" scattered around. Some are even more primitive and consist of bushes cut down, with a few rags stretched over them, thus making a little shade. There is an acacia tree in the camp; its top is made shadier by extra bits of scrub hung between its own thorny branches. A camel with a horribly swollen, inflamed leg lies there; a few men, women and children are sitting around, watching the poor beast's agony.

● 609 Our arrival arouses some commotion, but they seem tolerant of us and answer our questions with an air of curiosity.

104 [1] A *rēda* (ريدة) is the centre of the territory of a Bedouin tribe, where many of them dwell together. Generally it is a depression in the rocky plateau with some vegetation and agriculture.

24:Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

Women, with little children, or decrepit, sick old men are sitting under the rough shelters. The babies lie in very practical cradles, which look just like gaping oyster-shells with little feet. The little one lies in the lower shell whilst the upper slants over him as a protection against sun and wind. When mother has to go away she takes the cradle and its contents with her, carrying it with the open side against her. The infant lies on woven rushes or on a skin, and, in the latter case, a round hole four inches in diameter is cut in it so that thus diapers are dispensed with! The mothers stand in great dread of the evil eye, so one must not show too much interest in the babies.

We distributed some small coin among the children and old men, and, as we talked, the uneasiness of the others gave way. A woman discovered a gold tooth in the mouth of one of us, and we both had to submit our mouths to a detailed examination. Outcries of amazement and, thereupon, great and general merriment!

Then they found more strange things about these *Efrendjīs*. The most forward among the women, after having examined our mouths, went further. She began to rub vigorously with her dark, hard fingers on the white inner side of my arm. They all watched in suspense: it remained white! Then she pulled my khaki shirt a little wider open at the neck: again white. All the bystanders burst into laughter, and the examination was continued. My shirt was pulled out of my breeches, and a long-drawn "Ēh! Ēh!" of amazement went up when it appeared that my abdomen was also quite white. The black hand was passed admiringly over that part of my anatomy.

When my examiner wished to continue her exploration, I assured her that the rest was really all the same colour. "Had we done it with soap?" They had heard that the *Efrendjīs* were in the habit of rubbing it into themselves.

"No, God has made us so."

"Doubtless you live in houses so that the sun cannot make you black as we are? Doubtless you only live on milk?"

24:Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

609 "No, we eat the same things that you do."

"Stay with us and we will dance for you to-night with clapping of hands" — and our merry questioner danced and clapped her hands to the great diversion of the other women.

"We would gladly stay, but we have no time; we must go further."

837 "No, stay here! We will give you a wife."

Here I could not help glancing critically round the circle of my anything but beautiful questioners. They read my thoughts.

"No, the young girls are with the flocks, but they come home towards nightfall."

301 However poor and primitive may be the life of a Bedouin
302 woman, she will go to great pains to make herself beautiful. She learns when quite young that she who wishes to be beautiful must suffer. At an early age, 8 to 10 fine round holes are pierced all the way round the rims of the ears and through these, later on, silver rings of the average size of a crown piece or small silver chains will be hung and the poor little ears dragged downwards. Then the nails of both hands and feet are coloured brown with *hinnā'* [1], the tips of the fingers and toes are blackened, and the inside of the hand made brown. The face, the hands and forearms, and the legs and feet are coloured yellow with curry. The rims of the eyelids are smeared with *kuḥl* [2]; even the men do this, as it is said to make the eyes strong.

The women and girls paint their faces with all sorts of figures, and their necks, breasts and shoulders and the upper surface of the hands and feet with a network of lines, mostly with some blue or black dye, but also sometimes with red or

137 [1] *Hinnā'* (حنّاء), *Lawsonia inermis*, is a plant used for dyeing brown hands and feet. Cf. G. Schweinfurth, *op cit.*, p. 167, 181; E. W. Lane, *Arabic-English Lexicon*, London, 1865.

[2] *Kuḥl* (كحل), antimony powder, which usually mixed with grease makes a cosmetic for the rims of the eyelids.

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green. The eyebrows are shaven off and a finer line is painted in. The hair is shaven off all round the edge and greased stiff and pasted against the skull. All sorts of variations in the use of the above-mentioned aids to beauty are possible. To our taste the result is often more than ugly, not to say terrifying.

Never again were we received with so much friendliness and with so little prejudice by Bedouin women. On later occasions they generally ran away screaming at our approach or hurled furious invectives at us. The people of this Ḥaiqī tribe seemed to know so little about their own religion that they were not yet infected with prejudice against *Naṣrānīs*.

Close to this camp the R.A.F. from Aden have made a landing ground for forced landings. The corners and the centre are marked out by broad lines of chalk. The big aerodrome is on the coast near Fūwa, about three hours South-west of Makalla, and somewhere in the neighbourhood there is said to be a third one.

On the coral terraces grow jathropha and in the depressions aerva, a little bohar, and also incense bushes. There were swarms of young yellow grasshoppers all over the bare rocky ground. The path runs downwards towards a wādī, where fresh water from the Ghēl Bā Wazīr and salt water from the sea meet and mingle.

The village of Sheḥēr lies on the further shore and is said to have 1500 inhabitants, who live in mud huts. In a prominent position above it stands the chieftain's house, which is, at the same time, the villagers' fortress for defence against attack. A couple of rusted cannon lie on the terrace in front of the house. There are loop-holes on every floor in the thick mud walls and the window openings are small. Shēkh Elmās is to be our host: he receives us in a friendly way in his *madjlis*[1], and, at our request, is at once ready to have quarters prepared for us on the roof, but we have to wait till the women

[1] *Madjlis* (مجلس), lit.: "the place where one sits", and has come to mean: the reception-room, meeting, or company.

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Against the walls there are cushions on which to recline. The ugly modernity of mirrors fixed into the ceiling has been introduced into el-Bārr's house. Also, the old Ḥaḍramī colours of rust-red, black and white, which harmonize so well with the brown wood and with the lighter brown mud, have had some ugly new ones added to them.

In order to give pleasure to the family we take some more photographs of grown-ups and children. The household slaves and their jet-black children are with us in the *madjlis*; they serve round coffee and tea and many sweets, and talk with us, but nevertheless remain modestly in the background.

One can see from the many negro types in the streets and plantations that there are a great many slaves in Wādī Dō'an. They are employed for work on the land and as domestic servants.

In the afternoon we did what we could to treat a great number of patients, who came to us to ask for medicines or to have wounds and ulcers attended to. We could do little, however; and what, in any case, is the use of but one treatment? In all Ḥaḍramaut and its surroundings there is only one doctor with a western training. It is again the progressive Sayyid Abū Bakr el-Kāf who has got this young Indian doctor to come here, but his work lies in far-away Terīm. The rich go sometimes to Aden to consult a doctor, and the Mission Hospital at Shēkh 'Uthmān near Aden is also known to a few.

Towards evening I stroll with Sayyid 'Aluwī to Qāret Āl el-Miḥḍār, half an hour distant, where lives Sayyid Muṣṭafā bin Aḥmad el-Miḥḍār, to whom we have a letter from the Vizier at Makalla. Our reception is particularly friendly. The old sayyid has seen something of the world, and he compares life in Wādī Dō'an to sleep, which is something like death. I am urged to talk constantly and the atmosphere grows so friendly that he takes me with him to his other and larger house and shows me all over it, having first, with his own hands, shut in his young wives behind bolted doors and hung the keys on his belt. The wives take their revenge by having a good look at the stranger from the flat roof

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farewell to Bā Ṣurra, his sons and grandsons, and then we start off again on donkeys through the glorious groves of date-palms to Huwēbiya, three quarters of an hour distant, where the Vizier of Makalla has estates, now managed by his son Sālim.

We ride most of the way on the tops of the mud dykes which lie alongside of the irrigation canals. The palm-groves are intersected by many deep channels which distribute the water from the *sēl* over the land under cultivation, and whose high, though narrow, mud dykes are made to protect the plantations from damage by the swiftly flowing water. The actual *sēl*-bed is dammed, here and there, between barrages of piled-up boulders.

The Vizier has a fine house, well situated close to the green wādī. The cream-coloured mosque near by it has a minaret, which is a beautiful bit of Ḥaḍramī architecture.

The old Sayyid Muṣṭafā puts in his appearance soon after, and there is also a Ḥaḍramī who has done well as a merchant in Djedda. Conversation turns on the World War and the events resulting from it. One feels them, as always, groping for the weak spot in the West, for the seed of destruction in the wordly and spiritual power which dominates and enslaves the lands of Islam. It comes out clearly how positively our listeners count upon a vigorous recovery of Germany, who will revenge herself for defeat in a new world war which will put an end for good to the dominating position of the whole West. They are all aflame for war from so-called pure sympathy for Germany or antipathy for Albion. It is difficult, not only to run directly counter to that kind of anticipation of the future, but also to bring forward some arguments for the love of peace and of mankind, transcending differences in religion, in such a way that, at least, they will not be immediately forgotten again.

After a breakfast of hot bread-cakes, *samn* mixed with honey, poached eggs with onions, tinned pine-apple and pears, the conversation is taken up again with renewed vigour. We

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We approach the dead little place, stumbling over the boulders. We have been spoiled in the days that lie behind us by being received as esteemed and welcome guests by the authorities and persons of note. Nevertheless, we are here still under the protection of the Qeʿēṭī régime, and the great Bā Ṣurra has given us a letter of introduction to the *Ḥākim* of Ṣīf. It is true that the Miḥḍār family have warned us that the Governor of Ṣīf is a poor man, well versed in religious lore, but ignorant and incompetent in matters of worldly administration. The people are fanatical and poor. But we count upon the Governor's willingness to allot us a roof-terrace for the night, and we ask no more, for we wish to start again as early as possible on the morrow.

Ṣīf looks unfriendly, plantless and colourless, and the inhabitants stare in a hostile way at our little party as it passes through the narrow, dirty, small streets. The guard leads us to a low stable, and after having passed the inner courtyard, where cows are standing, we climb up to the roof by a narrow staircase. Tall, miserable-looking houses surround us, which shut out all refreshing breezes, and also from all the little window openings and from the flat roofs we are spied upon. Tom, Dick and Harry swarm into our stable and climb up to our roof so that before long we are in the midst of a crowd. The soldiers, all from the Yāfiʿ tribe, who receive us in the name of the absent governor are very friendly and beg us to make shift with the little that they can offer us. They even bring a lamb and a kid, between which we are to choose our supper. The soldiers enjoy this variation in the monotony of their lives, and they are so friendly that we acquiesce in the inevitable and fix up our night-quarters on the stable-roof. We do not see any of the notabilities of the town; apparently they will have no dealings with the *Naṣārā* (Christians). The street-arabs and the youths of the place show all the more interest. With the help of the soldiers and a great deal of bad language, we manage to clear some space on our roof and to put up our camp beds. A group of Malay speaking inhabitants

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609 is announced. They have outgrown the fanaticism of the people of Ṣīf through their residence in Java and know and value the Netherlands' Government and, whispering, agree that our reception here is not a fitting one. The *Ḥākim* is poor and has no authority; through his pretended absence he has escaped the duty of offering us hospitality.

522 We make our notes and do other necessary work in the midst of all kinds of commotion. The Ṣīf soldiers sit with our following till long after midnight, enjoying the roast kid and boiled rice, whilst with their harsh voices they exchange all manner of anecdotes and news.

609 Von Wrede's attempt to penetrate into Ḥaḍramaut came to grief in this gloomy Ṣīf. He had the misfortune to arrive just one day before the *ziyāra*[1] to the grave of Shēkh Aḥmad bin ʿĪsā el-ʿAmūdī. Thousands of Bedouins were gathered there, who saw in him an *Efrendjī*, a spy of the English in Aden, and he narrowly escaped death. Ill-treated, robbed of his money and possessions, he was obliged to quit Ṣīf and return to the coast.

Hirsch passed Ṣīf without difficulty[2]; the Bents, however, had to threaten with the power of the Queen of England. They speak of the inhabitants of Ṣīf as "a most unhealthy, diseased-looking lot".[3]

000 The night's rest at Ṣīf was of short duration, for at four o'clock the Governor, who is at the same time the *muʾadhdhin*[4], comes to call our Sayyid ʿAluwī to the *ṣalāt*. We immediately begin asking for information about animals for riding and transport. The answer consists of fine promises, but long after

104 [1] *Ziyāra* (زيارة), visit; here the yearly visit on the date fixed for that pilgrimage, when tribal wars stop for some time, and a fair is held close to the saint's tomb.

[2] A. von Wrede, *op. cit.*, p. 254—258.

[3] L. Hirsch, *op. cit.*, p. 154 *sqq.*

[4] Bent, *op. cit.*, p. 94 *sqq.*

104 [5] *Muʾadhdhin* (مؤذن), the man who calls out the *ʾadhān*, the invitation to prayer at the beginning of the five times fixed for the obligatory ritual prayers.

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its fine strategic position once commanded the great route from the coast to Ḥaḍramaut. Within the gate the streets also mount steeply. The town gives an impression of decay; there are few tall or fine houses, the white colour of prosperity is to be seen on hardly a single one of them: the town is grey-brown as the mountain against which it stands.

We stop in front of a double house that is built over a small side-street. Sayyid Muḥammad bin Sālim bin ʿAbdarraḥmān Āl Qāf, the man to whom we were given an introduction by our host in Dōʿan, is said to live here. The letter is taken in, the door closed again, and we wait in the shadow of the narrow, overarched street. Time passes and we ask ourselves anxiously whether the *Efrendjīs* are perhaps not welcome in this house. No, that is not the case, but a double wedding is being celebrated at this moment, and the house is therefore full of women, who have to be removed and shut up, before our company can be allowed to enter. At last this stage is reached and we are taken to an apartment which shows signs of having been very much inhabited. It is warm there and not clean, and, although we already fill the room, a number of inquisitive people force themselves in. The master of the house himself as well as his snivelling small son appear to have economised water for all other purposes than washing. But his friendly glance and hearty welcome make everything all right at once.

It is perhaps here timely to pay grateful tribute to the wonderful hospitality of the Arabs. Who, in the West, would hide his disappointment at having a wedding feast broken in upon by a whole caravan of tired and hungry men? Who amongst us would immediately throw open his whole house to the travellers, "the sons of the road", himself bring water to slake their thirst, and immediately prepare food to strengthen them?

Life is democratic here. In the reception-room, which is ch[illegible]-full, sit slaves, servants, children and master all toge[illegible], who drink out of the same bowl and pour out coffee

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for the ... each other's unwashed cups. Our host devotes himself entirely to us; he frequently absents himself to see that preparations are made for a meal without delay. Sounds of music and song reach us from the women, who are making merry in the adjoining room. In spite of the sweltering heat, the song with its refrain, the concerted clapping of hands and dancing to the monotonous music are carried on with great enthusiasm. Our host invites us urgently and repeatedly to spend the night with him. Sayyid ʿAluwī el-ʿAṭṭās, who is with us, has, however, so great a longing to see his family in his own country that, on his account, we decide to start for el-Meshhed in the afternoon. Meanwhile our delicately solicitous host has quietly had a room made ready in a distant corner of the great double house. He sees how tired we are and whispers to us to follow him so as to escape from the interest and curiosity of the constantly changing visitors. These fellow townsmen, against whom one cannot protect oneself, will not penetrate into this quiet room; we can stretch ourselves out on the floor on the simple mats and rugs, and our host will see to it that we are not disturbed for an hour. Then the meal is brought up to us without a sound, and we are only awakened when the yellow-coloured rice awaits us, ready served in flat dishes, on the round eating-mat, along with dishes of boiled mutton and gravy. A round flat bread-cake lies in front of each of our places on the mat. Our host apologizes for the scarcity and simplicity of the food offered to us, but we fall to with a thankful "In the name of Allah." The practice of spicing the rice and meat very strongly must have been introduced from Java and India. They overdo the seasoning to such an extent for foreign guests that, after the first pangs of hunger have been appeased, it is a real effort to continue eating.

Our host speaks Malay by preference and likes to talk about Cheribon on the north coast of Java, where his family rose to prominence and where he hopes to return in a few months, after the date harvest. His father possesses 20 houses

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169 there. He knows as many as 150 men who have gone from
656 Hadjarēn to seek their fortunes in Java. The little town has now at most 3000 inhabitants. Before we leave, I have to look at the Dutch passports of our host and his relations, make a note of their adresses, and promise to look them up later on in Cheribon. They have fully earned any small attention from our side; we stand amazed over the simple, genuine kindness that we received in this house, especially after our sad experience in Ṣīf.

●609 At our departure all sorts of Malay speaking Hadjarēners endeavour to exchange a few words with the white government official from their second fatherland. And, instead of being surrounded by faces with expressions of hate and contempt, and malicious, insulting remarks about *Naṣrānīs*, who should not be allowed to pollute the land, our exodus here is a small triumphal procession, crowded round as we are by the exuberant youth of the streets, all trying to air their knowledge of the Malay language.

4. ACROSS THE NEUTRAL ZONE BETWEEN EL-QEᶜĒṬĪ AND ĀL KATHĪR TERRITORY.

622 Guides of the el-ᶜAṭṭās clan have offered themselves to
172 take us to el-Meshhed, the first place in the domain of the
131 Āl Kathīr, which is, however, actually under the supervision of the el-ᶜAṭṭās family. Our caravan divides, as Von Wissmann, with a couple of young sayyids, the Yāfiᶜ soldiers, one of our ᶜ*abīd* (slave soldiers), and a whole band of street-arabs sets out to ascend Djebel Hadjarēn to see whether the ruins, of which we have been told, are really to be found, to take photographs and to survey. The territory of the Qeᶜēṭīs ends just beyond Hadjarēn. Further up, in the midst of Ḥaḍramaut Proper, there lie, like islands, the districts of Ḥōra and el-Qaṭn-Shibām, which are subject to the Qeᶜēṭī régime. The neutral zone, which we now enter, is an ideal hunting-ground for robbers and thieves.

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172 212 amongst the broken stones of the ruins, also little bits of rough, dark glass.

A quarter of an hour's walk distant there is another group of ruins that they call here "the Graves of the Kings". All those who are following us out of curiosity drop behind, when we go on through the suffocating heat between sand- and loam hills on the way to the Graves of the Kings, which lie in a great square S. S. W. of el-Meshhed. We find few inscriptions here. The hills are separated from each other, and have on their tops the foundations of solid walls forming a thirty feet square enclosure. The stones are not very large and are well and smoothly hewn. The ruins here are generally covered with piles of loam, very possibly the remains of the mud upper parts of the buildings. Many red-brown fragments of pottery lie among the stones.

172 114 The assumption made by the Bents [1], that the ground has been raised more than thirty feet by drifting sand and that thus the old buildings are to a great extent buried, seems to be incorrect. The opposite supposition is more likely, namely, that the *sēl*-bed became more deeply washed away when the barrages and irrigation canals were no longer kept in repair. The ruins now all lie upon the hill-tops, the loess around them having been all washed away.

609 Sayyid Ḥasan el-ᶜAṭṭās, the eldest brother now in Ḥaḍramaut of our companion Sayyid ᶜAluwī and the energetic head of the family in Ḥurēḍa, came from el-Meshhed to meet us. The father in Batavia had sent telegraphic instructions to give a good reception to the first envoy of the Netherlands to Ḥaḍramaut. Directly he received news of our approach, Sayyid Ḥasan mounted a *hadjīn* (riding camel) and set out to meet us. Being in his own country he dared to wear the khaki sun-
000 helmet of the *Efrendjīs*, when riding. Everything, later on, showed his progressiveness, his energy and daring. Sayyid Ḥasan acted henceforth as our host, and we had a good time under his guidance. Had he had enough time to accompany

[1] Bent, *op. cit.*, p. 104 *sq.*

CHAPTER VI.

HUREḌA, THE CENTRE OF THE EL-ʿAṬṬĀS CLAN.

1. FROM EL-MESHHED TO HUREḌA.

133 361 In the afternoon we leave el-Meshhed under the guidance of Sayyid Ḥasan, and travel through the great, wide, plantless wādī to the mouth of Wādī ʿAmd. The bed of the wādī is here called Baḥrān, "the two streams", as the *sēl*-beds of Wādī Dōʿan and of Wādī el-ʿĒn, to the left and the right respectively, separated from each other by a plateau of sand and loam, meet at this point. The villages of Sidbe, which lie like tall castles at the foot of the mountain, get the water for their palm-groves from Wādī el-ʿĒn. To the right in the far distance there lies the village of Ḥōra with a great castle and a watch-tower on a hill. It is a small Qeʿēṭī island in the midst of an Āl Kathīr sea.

When we reach the mouth of Wādī ʿAmd and there take an inward bend in a south-westerly direction, the sun is setting in a magnificent glow of light. We feel diminutively small in the broad river-beds of sand with their far-away high banks. We have passed from one *siqāya* to another. We enter Wādī ʿAmd, following closely the rock-wall on its south-western side. High up against that wall, which is in a somewhat crumbling condition here, we see a few fortifications and towers. In the wādī there are some tilled, but still bare, fields in the midst of the sand; *nibq* trees and bushes grow [609] scattered here and there. Sometimes also we pass a few date-palms and little settlements, the inhabitants of which call out to us in suspicion as we go by. As soon as they hear that *sāda* (*i. e.* sayyids) of the el-ʿAṭṭās family are with our party, the words of salutation ring out *"Yā ḥayya!"*, an abbreviation for "May Allah give you life!"

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We march on for hours under a gorgeous heaven of stars. The great promontory towards which we are setting our course is Djebel Ghumdān. Only when we have passed it do we see the lights of Ḥurēḍa. The nearer we approach the more messengers with lamps, and people filled with curiosity come out to meet us. Youth especially is well in evidence, handsome, frank youngsters, who accompany us pushing each other aside and talking busily. Quite soon the boys try to put a few questions in Malay. When the answers come also in that language, questions follow thick upon each other, and these wordly-wise youths, born in Java and sent here to get a real Arabian education, become objects of admiration and envy to their fellows.

"Do you find it pleasant here?"

"No, not at all. It is much finer in Java. This is a dreadful country of poverty, heat and boredom."

They are home-sick for Java, where their parents are and where they would like to return at once.

We dismount at the entrance to Ḥurēḍa, which is unwalled, for we see, by the light of many gasoline lamps, the white figures of the notabilities of the town awaiting us. The Governor of el-Meshhed comes forward as spokesman. He says that the people of Ḥurēḍa are grateful for, and feel themselves honoured by, the first official Dutch visit. It is not so long ago that foreigners were denied entrance to Ḥurēḍa, but now opinion has become much more modern. In the whole of Ḥaḍramaut there is sympathy for Holland and gratitude to that country for the hospitality and good treatment enjoyed by the Ḥaḍramīs in the lands under her rule. Hope is expressed that an enduring contact between Ḥaḍramaut and Holland may spring from this visit.

The many lanterns light up fantastically this unusual spectacle on the outskirts of Ḥurēḍa, where the first Europeans, weary and dirty, with limbs stiff from long riding, make their entry into the little town, hand in hand with its notables in their clean, white garments. The Governor has solemnly taken

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622 609 the Dutchman by the hand, and Sayyid Ḥasan walks on his other side. Von Wissmann is accompanied in the same way by two notables, and then begins the slow entry into the town. A splendid white mosque looms up out of the darkness and then vanishes into it again; for the rest, there are brown mud houses, which seem to have been built without much order. After about five minutes we have passed through the place and see, against the slopes of rock débris, the great el-ʿAṭṭās house with its many small windows lighted up. The house has just been rebuilt and enlarged, and, therefore, the upper storey has not yet been whitewashed. A brother of Ḥasan and ʿAluwī comes with an uncle to greet us. This brother has had a Dutch, ʿAluwī an Egyptian, and Ḥasan an Indian education. The uncle was an officer in the Ḥaḍramī regiment of the *Niẓām* of Hyderabad. The reception in the great *madjlis* is of short duration, and we then go upstairs to have a meal on the spacious roof-terrace in company with the nearest male members of the family.

2. SOME GOOD DAYS IN ḤURĒḌA.

554 A fine, clean guest-house is assigned to us for our quarters during our stay in Ḥurēḍa. This has the great advantage of giving us a place of privacy and rest, as we only meet visitors in the family-house of the el-ʿAṭṭās. On the next morning (May 20th) a gathering takes place there to introduce us to the inhabitants of Ḥurēḍa. These things are done democratically here. High and low, old and young are present at such a meeting, even the Bedouins of the caravan, the guard of soldiers belonging to the house, our slave soldiers, and the younger members of the family. The only thing is that the young people and the subordinates keep somewhat in the background and take care not to make any noise that might disturb their elders. The old and wise men of the place are together. The young men's group has, however, an important place, being organized by the driving power of Sayyid Ḥasan

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going to erect a house for himself here and, in accordance with the good custom, begins with the mosque. There are some fine houses in Ḥurēḍa whose owners live in Djôhore, Singapore, or Java. The actual inhabitants seem to be very poor. Outside the town there are some fine date-plantations, it is true, but the total impression is one of decline. Everything that is fine and prosperous owes its existence to money that is earned abroad. The tie between a Ḥaḍramī and his birth-place is very close, and if he is doing well, he returns from time to time, and when he sees the evening of his life approaching he longs to spend it in the little mud town where he was born, and, finally, to await the Day of Resurrection in Ḥaḍramī soil, which for him is consecrated ground. This is why there are here palaces and country-seats of sayyids and mighty castles of sultans, whilst the Bedouins live in rock-caves or lean-to shelters, always on the verge of starvation, and the home-staying town-dweller does not rise beyond a very poverty-stricken existence. We are only just at the portal of actual Ḥaḍramaut and soon shall see contrasts so moving, that it will sometimes be difficult to grasp the fact that we are in a real world, and are not dreaming after reading a centuries-old story from the "Arabian Nights".

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3. THE SURROUNDINGS OF THE TOWN.

On May 21st we intended to see something of the surroundings of Ḥurēḍa. Therefore, we asked Sayyid ʿAlī, the Bedouin member of the el-ʿAṭṭās family, to go with us. Most sayyids are not to be tempted for walks in the country at this time of the year! At the request of some of the notables we go to a spring which flows from out the mountain-wall a mile south-west of Ḥurēḍa, just at the spot where the limestone stratum rests on sandstone. Enemy Bedouins are said to have stopped up this spring, which formerly flowed much more copiously. The foreigners, held to be so proficient in all technical matters, must say how the spring is to be put right. If there were

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Sultan's huge, high palace. The car stops before the comparatively small gate and our escort discharge their guns. The gate opens and soldiers accompany us up a long staircase running across the front of the building and behind the outer wall to the entrance proper. The impression made by the palace is one of neglect and dirt. This is because the Sultan lives in Ḥōṭat el-Qaṭn and only comes to stay in this palace for a few days from time to time to attend to affairs of state. At all other times it is entrusted to the very indifferent care of the soldiers who are lodged within it.

We are conducted to a simple room, where the carpets are old and dusty and where, on an European travelling rug, sits a tall, very thin young man, the Sultan of Shibām, ᶜAlī bin Ṣalāḥ bin Muḥammad bin ᶜUmar bin ᶜAwaḍ bin ᶜAbdallāh el-Qeᶜēṭī, the grand-nephew of the Sultan of Makalla. We are quietly and kindly received. The Sultan is very much displeased that our escort has not given him due notice of our arrival; if he had known in time he would have received us in his palace at el-Qaṭn, which is suitably furnished for receptions. Sayyid ᶜAluwī tries to apologize, but without success. In the meanwhile chairs have been borrowed in the town and placed in a large room. We can at last retire and try to wash the coating of clinging dust from our weary bodies. During these private operations we are not left alone: attentive soldiers keep watch and even allow immaculately dressed notables of Shibām to enter. These have heard of the arrival of foreigners and are on the spot at once to learn all about them. They have come in their magnificent new cars and with Arabian hospitality invite us to drive with them to the garden city in front of Shibām and to have a cup of tea with them in their garden pavilions. It has an incredible sound to our ears, when, to add to the attractiveness of their invitation, they also say that we can swim in the mason-work swimming-pool in their garden. We accept with gratitude, on condition that the Sultan makes no objection to our leaving his hospitable roof for the time being.

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them shooting, and singing for joy, but now the feast has succumbed to the heat; the merry-makers lie in the shadow up against the rocky slopes, in grottoes, under blocks of rock, or under shelters made of sticks and fragments of cloth, resting after the noisy racket. The number of participants does not seem to be great, a fact which also points to the decline of the district. A group come up to us and overwhelm us with questions. We reply that we are truly on the way to the tomb of their Prophet Hūd and that we also intend to pray there. When I answer their question as to whence we come by saying: "From the Holy Land, from Djedda", it becomes apparent that they are not very well informed as regards the founder of their religion and his country. But some of them have been in East Africa, and these relate that the Muslims there are in the habit of going to Mecca just as the Ḥaḍramīs go to Qabr Hūd. We are then invited to stay on with them, for a short time, to resume the feast, but being convinced that friendship with these suspicious, brutal fanatics is a very fragile affair we prefer to continue our march. We cannot rest until we have reached our goal, Qabr Hūd.

One of the group acts as spokesman; he was for some time in Zanzibar and there made acquaintance with Europeans. He promises to follow in our rear and to accompany us to Bīr Barhūt on the morrow. It is thanks to his intercession that we are allowed to proceed without hindrance.

We march on further as fast as we can through the valley, which becomes narrower. On the right, over a great distance, the high bank has been broken through, namely where the "Seven Wādīs" (Sabᶜa Wudyān) open into the main wādī. It is as still as death in the wādī, no living creature is to be seen. The path is good on the whole, thanks to the fact that every year, in the month Shaᶜbān, thousands of pilgrims pass backwards and forwards along it. Sometimes it goes through barren sand-hills, sometimes between bushes of *rāk* and by a few crooked *ithl* trees.

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is always water in the *sēl*-bed, *rāk* bushes and tamarisks grow in plenty. We soon pass the wide delta of the "Seven Wādīs" which debouch into the main wādī.

After two and a half hours steady walking we arrive in pitch darkness at Fughma and knock at the door of the house where, on our outward journey, we have spent some hours during the heat of the day. Although the master of the house has already retired with his family for the night's rest on the roof, he comes at once to open the door to us, and we also are assigned a part of a roof, a coverlet of goat's hair and a few greasy cushions. When everyone has settled down again to rest our caravan looms up out of the darkness, and the men, in their turn, are received with great hospitality and given quarters on another roof.

On the following day, June 3rd, we leave Fughma by break of day and, before it becomes very hot, reach es-Sōm, where we again call on our host of the journey out. We are received with particular friendliness and are all allowed into the great reception-room, the *madjlis*. We want to write and rest, and we put out feelers to see whether there is, perhaps, a separate, small room for us; the living-room is immediately emptied and placed at our disposal. We wish to leave early in the afternoon to see the groups of ruins at el-Mekēnūn, Thōbe and el-ʿUrr before sundown.

The group of ruins known as el-Mekēnūn lies near es-Sōm and towards the northern wall of the wādī. The remains of old buildings stand out above the plain like mounds of débris, with a well now partly filled in with stones, lying between them. Our search for stones with inscriptions is *not* rewarded. Connected with these mounds there is a large open space that is regarded as a cemetery by the people of the district; stones have been placed in circles and ellipses and are said to indicate the graves. According to tradition, the people of ʿĀd were a race of giants and the dimensions of these circles and ellipses do not clash with this conception. We have no time to excavate; there are more groups of ruins to inspect. Against

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bands of white and grey, against the dark green of the palms. The soldiers and children of the garrison stood crowded together to enjoy to the last this short variation in the monotony of their life as a besieged people. Then, through plantations of young palms and, after that, over uncultivated stretches of sand, our way led to that last outpost of el-Qeᶜēṭī in Ḥaḍramaut, Shibām. As had been arranged, we announced our arrival directly to our friends Āl Ṭuwēy and Laᶜdjam at their garden home. Once again we stay in this Arabian Nights' palace, bathe in the clear, lukewarm swimming-pool, and enjoy the luxury offered us here by our hospitable friends.

Early on the following day we go to Shibām to take photographs of Ḥimyaritic inscriptions and sculptures, which are to be found in the shop of a local dealer in antiquities. It is already unbearably hot in the narrow lanes between the tall houses, where, moreover, market is being held. We are thankful to turn our backs on this unhygienic but wonderful New York of Ḥaḍramaut and to go by car to the Sultan's palace in el-Qaṭn.

Sultan ᶜAlī bin Ṣalāḥ bin Muḥammad bin ᶜUmar bin ᶜAwaḍ bin ᶜAbdallāh el-Qeᶜēṭī gives us a hearty reception. He places an escort at Von Wissmann's disposal to show him some rock inscriptions and ruins on the southern bank of the wādī. It is very hot and the rocks are steep and high; the guides' interest in this inexplicable hobby of the Christians is extremely small, and Von Wissmann returns rather disappointed with the results of his excursion. We then go together in the Sultan's car to ᶜUqrān, a village about half-way back to Shibām, at the entrance to the short side-wādī of the name, in the southern wall of the main wādī. Hirsch[1] and the Bents[2] have been here. Hirsch gives a detailed description from which it would seem that there was more to be

[1] L. Hirsch, *op. cit.*, p. 191, 192.

[2] Th. and Mrs. Bent, *op. cit.*, p. 124 and 135. They call it Al Agran and Al Gran.

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amazement of its garrison. The solid wooden doors of the gate are locked; not a living soul is visible among the other mud houses; there is not a tree or shrub to offer shade amidst all this surrounding sand and loam and rock. El-Qaʿūẓa is encircled by foes and shots are very apt to fall after sunset from the mausers of the sharp-shooters, who man the forts on the rock-wall. The doors, however, open to the tooting of our horn and we stare into the dumb, wondering faces of the soldiers and boys who come running to meet us.

Old Mubārak bin Muḥammad is the shēkh held in awe by the Bedouins and who controls all the caravans travelling from el-Qaʿūẓa by the southern border of the "Empty Quarter" to the Yemen or to the hinterland of Aden. If he will assume the responsibility and provide us with camels and an armed escort we can risk a forced march to Niṣāb. Unluckily the mighty Bedouin shēkh is ill. We are received in a very fraternal way by his soldiers and taken to the roomy *madjlis*, which is soon chock-full of people interested in our arrival; they all come forward to greet us with a firm grasp of the hand and then begin to satisfy their curiosity by asking questions. There seems to be a great deal of contact with Java here: many speak Malay as do all the boys who so eagerly press forward. Money from Java has kept the war going so far, although the last date-palm has died long ago in the dried-up gardens.

Conversation in Malay soon breaks down the initial reserve of our hosts, and before long we are talking gaily about Java, the land of promise, with these frank and intelligent youths. The soldiers are only now prepared to speak to the old shēkh, to show him our letters and to communicate our request. A little later they come to take me to the sick man, Mubārak bin Muḥammad. The grey-headed chief is lying in a small room. He says that the region through which we wish to pass has been rendered unsafe by large bands of Bedouins and that an armed escort of ten camel-riders would not protect us against them. The only possibility for us would be to join

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attempt to reach Aden overland — the attempt for which we had made such forced marches and conducted such frequent and difficult negotiations. Fatigue, bad and insufficient food, bugs, and the marked antipathy shown us, the first Christians to visit Yebʿeth, by the local people, all contributed to our decision. The expedition to Aden, even were it to succeed, would apparently take too long.

We could reach Ṣidāra in Wādī Ḥadjr in two days, and, according to people here, it would take three or four more from there to Makalla. In reality we found that twice this time was actually needed to cover the distance. As soon as the decision was made we prepared for departure; we were given a negro slave to act as guide and protector. This was not as it should be: a man of some position ought to have accompanied us. In this wādī the slave element is again much to the fore; we had seen only a few negro types in Wādī ʿAmd and in the Deyyin district, but here, on the contrary, we saw many.

It was still early in the afternoon when we set off. Our host came out of his house whilst we were taking photographs of the bystanders and watching the camels being loaded, but he no longer attempted to shield us from the rude manners and mocking remarks of the young men, who stood looking on without stretching out a hand to help. We had to check them from going too far by giving a few menacing answers. Ṣāliḥ and Saʿīd, obviously disturbed over the turn that affairs were taking, worked hard to get the camels ready. When we were alone Saʿīd said that he had overheard evil-boding talk and had been asked whether we had much gold coin with us. On his replying in the negative they had said that *Naṣrānīs* would certainly not venture so far afield in unknown lands if they had not plenty of money and that they only travelled under such poor conditions in order to avoid the danger of robbery. If Saʿīd would join in with them he would get a share of the loot, and no one would get to know anything about the matter, if both simply said that we had been fallen

1 [Yeb'eth – – Analyst]

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upon and murdered by robbers during the journey. Ṣāliḥ also had a great mistrust of the people of the place, and both he and Saʿīd suspected that the slave who had been given us was meant to be a participant in the plot and to attack us that night whilst we were asleep. We were not unmoved by their great anxiety, although not yet willing to believe that the remarks they had overheard were more than an idea conceived for the simple pleasure of frightening us.

We followed a broad and much trodden path beside cultivated fields half-shaded by a number of *nibq* trees and small groups of date-palms. From every village we passed inquisitive inhabitants came running out with the stereotyped question: "Why do you bring the *Naṣrānīs* here? What have they come to do, and where are you taking them to?" Attempts to exchange a few friendly words generally met with ill-will and dislike. An impoverished sayyid constituted the one exception; he had performed the *ḥadjdj* and thus seen something of the world and he accompanied us some distance on our way talking the while. He was not in the least disturbed by the hateful remarks made by the wādī people and excused their rudeness to us on account of their ignorance.

6. A LOST ILLUSION — TURNING OUR FACES TO MAKALLA AGAIN.

Before we left the inhabited wādī and struck up a side-valley, we filled our water-bags from a deep well at the last hamlet. We were not left in peace by a troop of abusive boys until, going as fast as we could, we were well advanced into the deserted side-wādī. Once there, it gave one a feeling of deliverance to be no longer pursued by the scorn and hate and ill-will of men. Ṣāliḥ and Saʿīd felt the need of giving vent to their bottled-up feelings in hearty abuse of those "faithless dogs". We ourselves were not angry and only wondered over this unexpected and inexplicable antipathy towards the foreigner and non-Muslim. As we proceeded the

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conviction that we were threatened by real danger grew and, therefore, that we ought to get as far as possible from the inhabited world before evening fell.

Ithl trees and various shrubs grow in this side-wādī. Shepherdesses are driving their flocks homewards. Before long our path again leads up the rock-wall towards the *djōl*; arrived there we stop for a breathing-space but after that go on again with renewed determination. It gives us a strange feeling to realize that we have given up the plan we had held on to so tenaciously and are now returning to our starting point. It is a great disappointment, but we are both convinced that it would have been impossible to reach Aden overland in the time left to us. Also we now follow a route, a great part of which is unknown, and shall only reach the country explored and surveyed by Little when we enter Wādī Ḥadjr.

Our black guide is thoroughly mistrusted by Ṣāliḥ and Saʿīd. They think that he may have orders to make our camp for the night at a pre-determined spot so that we can be attacked unawares and plundered there. Thus, in the first place, we wish to push on as far as our own strength and that of the camels will permit and, in the second, we wish our guide to see that we are prepared for an attack. When, at the end of a further march of two hours after sundown, we at last made a halt and had spread out our blankets by the side of the path, our revolvers were unearthed from the depths of a travelling bag, thoroughly examined and loaded, and then laid under the roll of clothes which served as a pillow. Nothing happened, however, and we slept splendidly on this night as always.

On June 15th, we had a heavy march over difficult country with many *ʿaqabas*. Fatigue and hunger gradually made their effects felt, — the sickening sweetness of our diet of dates, biscuits and tea nauseated us, and also we never had enough sleep. After the cool nights on the plateau, the heat which begins so rapidly with the coming of day was doubly disagreeable. One could tell from the increasing dampness of the

CHAPTER XVII.

WĀDĪ ḤADJR — A BIT OF ARABIA FELIX.

1. ṢIDĀRA, ITS CHIEF SETTLEMENT.

Ṣidāra gave us the impression of being dirty, yet fairly prosperous. The stone houses are scattered wide apart; they have generally two storeys and are built square and strong so as to hold their own in case of hostilities. Ṣidāra is independent; the farthest frontier post of the Qeᶜēṭī Government is a good two hours' march south-east. Much fighting has been carried on for the possession of this very fertile Wādī Ḥadjr, and in the days which followed we saw many traces of this strife.

Here we stood at last in front of the house of the village-chief, wondering how we were to be received. A roof-terrace was rapidly prepared for us and, after that, the master of the house came to bid us welcome and invite us to enter. We recall him gratefully to mind, for we owe it to him that the people left us more or less in peace, although here again they did not exactly sympathize with foreigners. Our host had performed the *ḥadjdj* and had brought back with him two very favourable recollections of Europeans: when passing through Aden he had become acquainted with the Mission Hospital at Shēkh ᶜUthmān and spoke with great respect of the Mission doctor whom he had met there; and then again, in the Holy Land itself he had met a Dutchman who had become a Muḥammadan; after the *ḥadjdj* was over he had seen the latter again in Djedda and had been treated by him as if he were his own brother. I told him that the Dutchman at Djedda was a good friend of mine, and with that we were in friendly touch at once.

The roof-terrace was soon full of people and hand-shaking and questions began as usual. The youth of the village was

Il: Melamid S-3 (no date) 1954 MLI Yemen MLI
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471 a tannery, and a textile plant. This preference for German firms is rather
609 remarkable.[4] However, Yemen authorities claim that American and British firms were not interested in these concessions.

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471 The terms of the oil concession are reported to be based on a capital
651 and profit division of 75 per cent to Yemen, and 25 per cent to the concessionaire. This may explain the lack of interest of American and British firms whose oil concessions in other petroleum-producing countries are on a 50/50 profit-sharing basis, without local capital participation. Furthermore, the Yemen concession is to run for only twenty years (compared
Y with sixty-six years for the Saudi Arabian concessions), provided oil is
135 found within five years. According to the available geological information, the outlook for finding oil is not too encouraging as the highlands of Yemen consist primarily of rocks which are geologically devoid of oil. However,
Y the narrow coastal strip and the lowland deserts do offer possibilities. Here
[131] there is a complication. Because of the absence of definite boundaries, the eastern deserts may be claimed either by Saudi Arabia or by the Aden protectorate.

Yemen also has hopes of discovering commercially utilizable quantities of gold, silver, copper and iron ore, which were all formerly mined in the highlands.[5] Considerable areas in the wadis below the highlands are re-
Y ported to be suitable for the cultivation of cotton, provided modern meth-
[609] ods of irrigation are introduced. Even if no oil is discovered, the change in the attitude towards foreigners and towards innovations may bring about far-reaching economic and political changes in this state.

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471 In 1938, a subsidiary of the Iraq Petroleum Company (in which Brit-
609 ish, Dutch, French, American and other capital participates) obtained
177 exploratory oil concessions in the Aden protectorate. So far no discoveries have been reported. The sheiks and sultans of the area have lately opened their territories to a limited number of foreign travellers, mostly surveyors. Emigrants who had settled in India, Malaya, and Indonesia and who have returned, particularly to Mukalla and the Hadhramaut, have
H contributed not only experience gained overseas, but some capital as well.
433 Regular motor and air transportation[6] is now available. Several irrigation
439 schemes have been established in the western Aden protectorate, at Abyan, where crops of high quality cotton are grown. The greater internal security resulting from the organization of regular police protection against tribal raiders (a combination of the British Royal Air Force and local jeep patrols) has also contributed to economic development. Local fisheries have

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[4] The oil concession was granted to Dellmann Bergbau, German oil producers who also have a concession in Spain.

[5] United Nations, Department of Economic Affairs, *Review of Economic Conditions in the Middle East, 1951-52*, E/2353/Add. 1, ST/ECA/19, Add. 1 (New York, 1953), 126.

[6] At least one foreign trading firm in Aden flies its own plane regularly to various points in the territories to pick up local products and deliver imports.

30: Gt. Britain G-5 (ca. 1918) 1920 MJ1 Saudi Arabia
Hadhramaut MM2

form, geographically and socially, a remarkably homogeneous whole. It may be said, in brief, that the districts of the Hadhramaut are singularly fertile and self-sufficing, and so situated geographically as to hang closely together and to be isolated socially, as a whole, from the rest of Arabia; while, at the same time, they lie within reach of ports which are in constant communication with mid-eastern Africa and India. To the north stretches unbroken the most terrible waste of sand-dunes in the peninsula; to the east the district is practically isolated from the Oman provinces by the almost waterless desert of Mahrah; while to the west it is difficult of access from the Yemen and its outlying provinces on account of a mountainous and sterile desert-steppe which, up to the present, remains almost entirely unexplored.

Possessing more frequent and easy communication with Moslem communities outside Arabia than within it, the population of the Hadhramaut has had ample opportunity to develop particularism in its social organization as well as in its religious spirit. The fertility of its lands makes its farmers self-sufficient and jealous with the jealousy of men who have much to lose; and, while their relations with Africa have given them unusual wealth of slaves, their relations with India and other parts of the East, greatly enhancing their material civilization, have at the same time made them fully aware of the nature of European rule and the danger of giving free entrance to members of a race which condemns slavery. For long they succeeded in barring the way to the encroachments of all foreigners, and it is only within comparatively recent times that travellers, few in number, have succeeded in acquiring information, and that only to a very limited extent, about the social organization, customs, and manners of this interesting and highly exclusive people.

The population may be divided into four more or less distinct classes:

1. The Seyyids.
2. The Tribesmen.
3. The Townsmen.
4. The Servile classes, or slaves.

The *Seyyids*, descendants of Husein, grandson of Mohammed, form a numerous and highly respected aristocracy. They are divided into families, the heads of which are known as 'Munsíbs', who are looked upon as the religious leaders of the people and are in some cases venerated as saints. They do not bear arms, nor occupy themselves in trade or manual labour, or even agriculture;